

The Commonweal

February 18, 1949

Il Americano

John Cogley

Supreme Court on Church and State

J. M. O'Neill

VOLUME XLIX

15c

NUMBER 19

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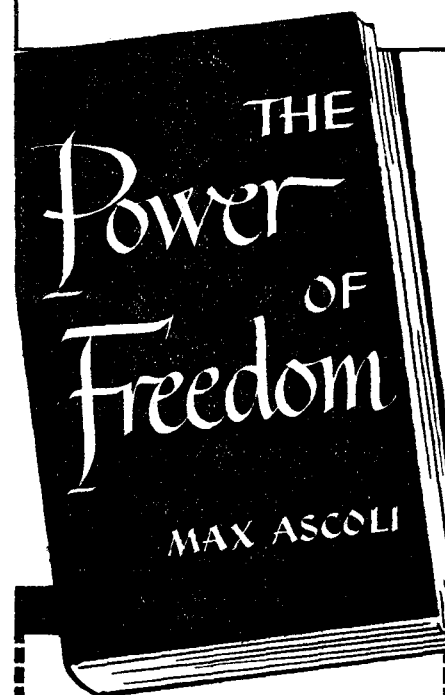
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FARRAR, STRAUS & CO., INC.
53 E. 34th St., New York 16

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*God's Underground—For Us the Living—
Death Be Not Proud—Popcorn on the Ginza
—Their Country's Pride—The Empire and the
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THE COMMONWEAL is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Cath-
olic Periodical Index and The Guide to Catholic Literature
Founded by the Calvert Associates, Inc., in 1924 with
Michael Williams as President and Editor.
Published weekly and copyrighted 1949 in the U.S.A., by
The Commonwealth Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave-
nue, New York 16, N. Y. MURRAY HILL 3-9685. Entered
as second-class matter February 9, 1934, at the Post Office
at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
U. S. and Canada \$7 a year. Foreign \$8. Single copies 15c.

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Atomic Hopes

TEN YEARS after the first neutron-uranium chain reaction was successfully effected in Chicago, the business of atomic energy is still primarily military. The semi-annual report of the Atomic Energy Commission must continue to dwell at greatest length on "atomic weapons." But the report of the AEC indicates that during the two years of life of the Commission, progress has been made in civilizing the new scientific force.

Apparently, the Commission has jacked up its organization and the whole complicated flow of work with the atoms. Even though the whole important product so far is the colossal weapon—a destroyer indeed—the work with fission grows less dangerous and nihilistic as control and organization and knowledge are developed. Chairman Lilienthal considers that the historical point has nearly arrived when atomic energy need no longer be only the force of destruction and war power.

Mr. Lilienthal urges the public to look seriously at the other hopes from the atom, at the almost utopian landscapes drawn by the conception of unheard of energy and power in the control of those who know how to control nuclear chain reaction. His speech at Lehigh University, the day before the AEC issued its report, was an opti-

mistic speech:

"We have a choice—that it seems to me is the shining and hopeful fact. . . . The machine can, of course, be so used as to degrade and enslave man. It can be used to exhaust the land and with it the human dignity of those who live on the land; it can poison the air, foul the streams, devastate the forests, and thereby doom men and women and children to the spiritual degradation of great poverty. But it can also open wider—and it has so opened—the doors of human opportunity; it can nourish the spirit of men. Technology can be used to eliminate filth and congestion and disease; to strengthen the soil; to conserve the forests; to humanize man's environment."

David Lilienthal is a leader of those who desire civilian control of atomic energy—the focusing of the new force to civilizing purposes and the subordination of its military use to the over-all claims of creative culture. He is taking a position of leadership, also, among those who desire a fully democratic control of civilian governance. . . . "How the machine shall be used will be determined by choices made by the people."

He lists a most exciting and deeply interesting series of choices which the present state of atomic development puts before the people already: ". . . Such questions as these: What kind of Army, Navy and Air Force do we now require. . . .? What are safe and what are unsafe methods of international control. . . .? How extensively should the American people support medical research in this field, and similarly research in nutrition and in increasing the production of food by novel methods opened up. . . .? What should be the place of private corporations. . . .? How do the people see to it that our universities and research institutions shall remain free of Government or military control. . . .? How can the people see to it that narrow politics and pork barrel methods are kept strictly out. . . .? How can we maintain essential secrecy without drying up the very well-springs of scientific and technical advance. . . .?"

The key to the Lilienthal optimism seems to come in these following sentences: "But those choices are genuine choices only if the people make them with a knowledge of the facts, with a knowledge of the alternatives that are open to them. The means whereby the people make their decisions depends upon a sacred and inviolable process—the dissemination of knowledge." This democratic optimism of Chairman Lilienthal requires a greater development than he furnishes; although it need not be destroyed by a fuller and more deeply realistic examination. To make a good choice we require not only facts and knowledge. Being but human, we are inclined to go astray in our choices even when we realize we are doing wrong. A good choice requires, difficultly, not only knowledge, but also good moral character, and, sometimes, Grace.

[459]

West Coast Giant

THUS FAR the Transamerica Corporation's own full page advertisements in the newspapers have proved to be far more interesting than the news column accounts from Washington where the Federal Reserve Board is trying the San Francisco holding company of Mr. Amadeo P. Giannini on charges of exercising a credit monopoly. Transamerica lashes out in righteous tones against the "bank lobby" responsible for its being at the dock; it discloses that a baker's dozen of its local competitors had knicked in all of \$65,000 to bring their \$7,500,000,000 rival to the toils.

A few excerpts from their "ad" explain the phenomenal growth of the Bank of America and the Transamerica holding company: "... the Bank of America had so much more in ideals and willingness to serve that it outgrew all other banks. Now it has resources far in excess of any bank in any eastern or foreign capital of finance. . . . Transamerica . . . has only one office with a mere handful of employees. . . . Branch banking in the Giannini manner confers not ill, but good. That is proved by its amazing public acceptance. . . . These charges represent the first use of the antitrust laws to restrict competition rather than to promote it. . . . Under virtuous guise an attempt has been made to throttle the growth of popular public service banking. . . ."

Perhaps the tag line that tops the rest of this vigorous "copy" is a 1925 quotation from Carter Glass who complains of "absentee banking all over this country" and cites as a cure "a moderate establishment of branch banking. . . ." Moderate indeed! The seven and a half billion dollar Transamerica Corporation of San Francisco owns stock in over 600 banks with 4,000,000 deposit accounts in California, Nevada, Oregon and Washington; while its holdings in the fabulous Bank of America are but 22 percent, it has admitted within the past two or three years that it controls the election of the majority of Bank of America directors. It controls insurance companies, including the largest on the West Coast; a packing company; two machine tool plants; a diesel engine factory. It bears looking into.

To establish Transamerica as an outright monopoly may be somewhat difficult, but to demonstrate that its empire of white terra cotta facades extending the length and breadth of the West Coast is a concentration of financial power inimical to the public interest should be child's play even against the most able delaying tactics.

The Trial of Cardinal Mindszenty

IN A FAIR TRIAL before law, justice is determined on the merits of facts. In Budapest, the trial of Josef Cardinal Mindszenty has run to its end, but only over the protest of all those through-

out the world who thirst after justice. For those who would have justice, a knowledge of the facts is always violated in an atmosphere which suppresses and distorts truth; long before this trial ever began, experience had taught that justice could not be expected from Communists, whose régimes depend on suppression as they themselves depend on air to breathe. It is therefore futile for us to try to sift the truth out of this trial; instead we can only accept it for what it is: a monstrous disgrace to free and honest justice. For this reason, the trial of Cardinal Mindszenty has disgraced people of all faiths and all decent political parties, and has aroused a general protest from them because what is at stake now in our world is an old issue: freedom or slavery.

Standing up against materialistic Communism, those who have a spiritual faith have steadily exerted the most effective resistance to the Russian drive toward a totalitarian world. Communism cannot afford, for example, many more elections such as that in Italy. Never has this opposition been, in its pure form, anything but an irreconcilable opposition: two ways of life—political, social and philosophic—stand against each other. Wherever Christianity and Communism co-exist, they do so because Communists have delayed, for tactical reasons, tightening down the screws of consistent, logical, atheistic totalitarianism. In Hungary, where 65 percent of the population is Catholic, the tactical moment, the time for "purge," has arrived: Cardinal Mindszenty, the Primate of the Church in Hungary, has been put away in such a manner as to discredit him before Hungarian Catholics, in the hope that with him will depart the spirit of the Church and the spirit of resistance.

However, resistance is not so easily smoked out of minds and hearts where there is still courage. Just before Cardinal Mindszenty was sentenced, a new Primate of Poland was enthroned and it was here, at this ceremony in Warsaw, that Polish Catholics, themselves wrestling with a Communist régime, sent forth the real answer to the captors of Cardinal Mindszenty. In singing the hymn "God for Poland" at this ceremony, the Poles, instead of chanting the usual words "God preserve our freedom," sang "God give us back our freedom."

Either-Or

"IN OUR COUNTRY, education, once the seed-bed of much we are and can be, has too often assumed a passive attitude, content to explore and disseminate, failing, except in the physical realm, to venture leadership in application." So stated the National Protestant Council on Higher Education, a board consisting of representatives of twenty-six Protestant denomina-

tions, last December. And they posited a "minimum statement" of six principles: 1. The Fatherhood of God. 2. The Brotherhood of man. 3. The organic nature and interdependence of all life and the universe. 4. The oneness of the human family. 5. The supreme worth of human life. 6. The sacredness of the individual personality. Hardly a month before, the Catholic hierarchy had made their pronouncement against secularism, beginning with the supremely uncompromising, brief sentence: "Human life centers in God."

It is good to know that Christians, both Catholic and Protestant, stand together to guard this new, infinitely straiter Thermopylae. Secularism today provides the vacuum nature abhors, and which communism is so pertinently present to fill. If the human house is swept bare, seven devils (one to deny each of the minimal principles stated above, and the last their leader) will rush in to make therein their home. And only religious education, only the orientation of every child from its earliest years, can provide the human being with the necessary ammunition to guard himself and his house against secularism, communism, and the various other aliases of paganism. Already a generation of the unsure has grown up, a generation unaware of any absolute moral or natural law, unable to trust their untrained consciences. What is allowed by law is all right: so alcoholism, divorce, birth-control, are okay; euthanasia, gambling, prostitution, pederasty, are wrong: but, should sufficient people commit them, then it is time the laws were changed to accommodate conditions, and once the law permits, they're all as right as rain. These are rat-race arguments met continually in conversation, arguments constantly raised, alas, not only by the young. Even the logical fallacies are uncomprehended by a generation that learns no logic; while the religious aspects are, quite frankly, unknown to the millions whose religious training was boiled down to an hour a week of optional released time, during which, as Arthur Garfield Hays has quite accurately pointed out, students, given the choice, would rather have played baseball instead.

More than a century ago, Hegel declared that the nation is prior to the individual, and that to live conformably with the *ethos* of one's country was to become ethical. The State, he said elsewhere, is the objective spirit, and the individual has his truth, his real existence, and his ethical status only in being a member of it. The United States Government has hitherto never subscribed to this view. It has always, on the contrary, regarded its own existence as dependent upon the fulfillment of its functions, of which the chief is to guarantee each individual citizen's right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. And the people of America have hitherto had no doubts as to whom they should thank: "We, the

people of the State of New York," reads the preamble of the Constitution of New York State, "grateful to Almighty God for our freedom."

Secularism proposes the elimination of religion from everyday life. The battle is engaged upon all fronts: in the United Nations, where the theory that all men were created equal by Almighty God has been outvoted by the Soviet theory, upheld by England and China, that men are born equal; in the medical profession, where the theory of the sacredness of human life has been denied by many hundreds of doctors, and by the 379 clergymen who ask for legal authority to destroy the incurable; in the schools, where the natural law, by which "the right of the parent to determine what studies his own child shall pursue is paramount to that of the trustees or the teacher" (*Slate v. School District*, 31 Nebraska 552) is denied by all who attack religious teaching in the public schools, and, even more, by those who attack the principle of released time. "Has the state the right to enact a law or confer upon any public authorities a power the effect of which would be to alienate in a measure the children from parental authority?" asked the Court in *Hardwick vs. the Board of Trustees*, and vigorously answered the question in the negative, "It would be distinctly revolutionary and possibly subversive . . . to hold that any such over-reaching power existed in the State or any of its agencies." This was confirmed by the Supreme Court of California. Nor is the suggestion that the parent must, if he fear secularism, send his child to private or parochial school, constitutionally admissible. That he *may* send his child to a school other than the public school is a parent's constitutional right; to be obliged to do so is a withdrawal of his right. As a tax-payer, the religious parent is the equal of the atheist, and the public school is not to date, the arm of an all-powerful secular state. On the contrary, the public school, like all other expressions of our government, exists only for the benefit of the citizen. As stated in *Denton vs. James* (107 Kansas 729), "Free government is instituted for the protection and benefit of parenthood as one of the natural rights which the citizen possesses." We must be careful, furthermore declared the Court in *Kelley vs. Ferguson* (96 Nebraska 63), to avoid allowing our love for the noble institution of the public school to cause us to regard it as "all-in-all," . . . "and destroy both the God-given and constitutional right of a parent to have some voice in the bringing up and education of his children." This Court concludes that "the prime factor in our American scheme of government is the American home." Only the American people can cast God from their homes, schools, and society: and, if they do so, they will find His place taken, perhaps, unexpectedly.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

Il Americano

Conversations in Rome with an ex-shoeshine boy

John Cogley

IN ROME, the Piazza di Spagne, where the American Express offices are located, is a busy black-market center. All day long a dozen or so young men wait in the square, ready to do business with the tourists who come to the American Express for their mail or their tickets to the next stop-over.

The black-market boys seem to be able to spot an American a block off, no matter how he is dressed or what the shade of his complexion. If you walk toward the Piazza di Spagne, you can see them eyeing you from the corner, waiting until you catch up to them. Then they approach, all smiles and courtesy and broken English: "Good morning, sir. You have dollars you'd like to exchange? Very good rate today. . . . Maybe you have American cigarettes you'd like to sell? . . . How about buying something? Anything you want you can't find in Rome? Soap, watches, a gun . . . you name it, we got it."

If you come by trolley-bus, they are there to greet you as you step off to the street. People who arrive by taxi receive a special treatment reserved for those who probably have lots and lots of dollars to turn into inflated lire.

The business of exchange is carried on at a nearby coffee shop. The marketeers lead you into the place, with a Pepe le Moko swagger that they apparently hope will transform its tile frankness into something approaching a Casbah dive. They pick out the darkest corner they can find, ask you what you drink, and then get down to business. For smooth operation two of them generally work as a team. You tell them how much you want to exchange. Then one of them excuses himself. He dashes out to the local headquarters of the Roman black market (at the better hotels it is called the "free" market) to get enough lire for the transaction. In the meantime, his partner tries to interest you in buying a rosary, a cameo, or a fountain pen labelled "Parken" or "Everharp," in the hope that your glasses need changing. After the messenger returns, the money is exchanged across the table, a few pleasantries passed, and the deal is completed.

The young marketeers turn in the American money at headquarters then, receive their paltry share of it in Italian lire, and their part is finished. They are ready to meet more buses.

In the meantime, the money passes through several more headquarters until it reaches the Big Guy at the very top. In Rome, the Big Guy sells the dollars to rich Italians. The money, of course, eventually gets back to the United States. You might almost say that the Roman black market is a dramatic example of American free enterprise in action.

In Paris, today, the black-market exchange is run along similar lines. The French are even more knowing about recognizing Americans than the Italians. It is not enough to sport a beard, wear a beret and carry a copy of Sartre under your arm. The boys in Paris know you even if you dress like a normal Frenchman. And I swear they can spot an American *three* blocks away. For the special Parisian touch, erotic postcards are likely to take the place of the Roman rosary and cameo. But otherwise the procedure is just about the same.

There is a sameness, too, about the black marketeers themselves—anyway about the little guys working in the street, the kind who hang around American Express offices. Whether they work the Rue Scribe or the Piazza di Spagne, they are as easily recognizable as American tourists. They all have the same professionally ingratiating manner, the fixed seducer's smile, and an habitual furtiveness that seems as second-nature to them as a chain smoker's cigarette movements are to him. They are forever glancing guiltily up and down the street and talking in low tones from the side of their mouths, though it all seems completely unnecessary. Certainly, in general, the police seem to be uninterested in their affairs, and there is nothing secret about their activities, at least at the street level. But always there is the elaborate ritual of the early gangster movies, which I suppose satisfies some dramatic Latin instinct. What is more, many American tourists find it fascinating and wicked (the quick glances to the right and the left, the conference in the corner at the workers' restaurant, etc.) and are therefore all the more likely not to question the "Parken" pens as anything but stolen American goods.

The first thing I noticed about Rico, who works at the Piazza di Spagne in Rome, was that he had none of the usual mannerisms. There was nothing

of the penny-ante gangster about him. He looked you in the eye when he talked. He didn't look out for cops who weren't there or who wouldn't care if they were there. He was polite and obviously aimed to please, but his was the manner of the magazine salesman working his way through college, rather than the whining routine of some of the others. For instance, he didn't talk about a sick family or a dead mother. I met him during Christmas week, and what he said was this: "Tomorrow night is New Year's Eve. Want to take my girl out? You got to sing and dance on New Year's Eve, don't you? But I'm broke. I need money. How about it?"

★

He was taller than the others, and only the inevitable bad teeth of Europe's war generation keeps him from qualifying as a new Rudolph Valentino. His English flowed freely and was not limited to the black-market argot of his friends. They stood around in smiling wonder after he began to talk, silenced by the ease with which he handled the language.

Then I noticed that he hadn't started to shave yet. His cheeks and chin were covered with high school fuzz. This was a surprise. Otherwise, he looked as old as his partners; I would place their average age at about twenty-five. I asked him how old he was.

"You guess," he said.

I guessed eighteen.

"No, you're wrong. I just passed sixteen . . . Hey, you want a guide? (He sensed immediately that he had caught my interest.) Thousand lire, and I stay with you all day. How about it? I'm not a real guide. I don't know all the speeches, but I know where to take you. Thousand lire. All day. Very cheap."

It seemed to be worth a thousand lire to know Rico better. Besides, I wasn't sure I wanted a guide who knew all the speeches.

"Okay," I said, "let's go. You're hired."

"Good," he said, "we'll go to the old Rome. But first we get a *carrozza*. I know a man, an old, old man. He'll drive us around for twelve hundred lire, all day if you want. His horse is almost as old as he is. You mind going slow?"

"No," I said. "By the way, what do I call you?" I had heard the others call him Rico sometimes and at other times something that sounded like 'Merican.

"My name is Hank. Call me Hank."

"Hank? What kind of an Italian name is that?"

"My name is really Enrico, but the GI's, they called me Hank. To Americans, I'm Hank."

"What about that other name they called you?"

"Oh, that. That's short for *Il Americano*. They call me that because I'm going to America some day and be American. And because I act like

American now. I dress like one, too. See my tie. New York, it says. I got friends in America. GI friends. They send me clothes sometime. You think I look American?"

"Not yet," I said, "but give it time, Rico. You will."

"Why don't you call me Hank?"

"I like Rico better. It fits you."

"But Rico isn't American, is it?"

"Sure," I said, "I know lots of Ricos. They're all over America."

"All right, then. Call me Rico. Rico *il Americano*."

We walked then a few blocks to another big square, and, sure enough, there was the *carrozza*, the old man and his horse, all three as ancient as Rico had said. After a few minutes of spirited bargaining with the old man (I never did find out what percentage of the twelve hundred lire went to Rico), we were off to see the old Rome.

"What language you want?" Rico asked. "I speak Italian, German, Portuguese, English and French. Always bad accent, except in Italian. In Italian, I speak like a Roman. But in the others, I have a bad accent. You correct me when I make a mistake."

Then he went on to prove his claim. We were passing Mussolini's old residence and he pointed it out in each of the five languages, with a flowery little anti-fascist speech right out of the guide-books.

I was full of questions right away. How long did he go to school? Where had he learned all these languages? And where on God's green earth did he pick up that awful speech—and in five languages, too!

Rico was quite willing to talk about things other than Mussolini's old balcony. He had quit school six years ago, when he was ten. He learned English from British and American fliers; German from the Nazis in Rome before the Allies arrived there; Portuguese from Brazilian pilots, his first Allied friends; and French from living near Paris with an American bomber outfit during the war and after.

★

The guide-book speeches were a new accomplishment. "I buy books about Rome and study them," he said. "Sometimes I go without eating all day so I can buy these books. But after I know them by heart (the phrase surprised me, but soon I realized that his English vocabulary was naturally idiomatic, and, I suppose, so was his French, Portuguese and German) then I can be a real guide. So far I don't know much. Just the first twenty pages. It's the same book in all these languages. So I learn the first part in Italian and then in the other languages. I take it page by page."

The first twenty pages covered the prison where Saint Paul was held captive, the Coliseum, the Roman Forum, the baths where Cleopatra cavorted ("you know, Vivien Leigh," Rico explained) and a brief description of the old Appian Way. At the catacombs of San Callisto, Rico was finally left with no more speeches to give.

"Next week," he said, "I'll learn about this. All I know now is that a man named Giovanni Battista de Rossi discovered it. But I don't know when."

Rico was more himself after the speeches ran out. We arrived at the catacombs about one o'clock, during the Italian siesta. There was a sign saying that visitors would have to wait until two-thirty to be shown around. So we waited outside in the carriage.

★

While we waited, the old man fed first his horse and then himself. He had a bottle of wine with him and a couple of huge meat sandwiches, which he offered to share with us. We refused politely.

"I knew you wouldn't take any," Rico said. "Americans are more dainty. They always think about whether things are clean. And you see that the old man is dirty. Don't worry, though. The old man doesn't care. He knew that you wouldn't take any. This old man is eighty-five years old. He started to be a driver when he was fifteen. He knows everything. And he had twenty-two children. How you like that—twenty-two kids! Not in America, huh?"

Twenty-two, I agreed, were a lot of kids.

"My father," Rico said, "had twenty kids, but they're not all living. And he's even now only forty."

His father, he said, sold rosaries and cameos outside St. Peter's, in the great square.

"Too many kids," Rico said. "Not for me. I'll have three, maybe four, but that's all. I'll be like the Americans. But not yet for a long time, though. Not until I'm thirty-five. Then I marry a beautiful wife, only eighteen. I come back to Italy for her. I don't want to marry American woman. But my Italian girl, when she goes to the States with me, she'll be like Rita after while."

Rita, I learned, was Rita Hayworth, who is Rico's favorite. He had just seen *Gilda* and, standing outside the doors that led down to the tombs of martyrs, he sang "Put the Blame on Mame, Boys," in an exaggerated but worshipful imitation of the Hayworth style.

"Rita, Rita," he said, rolling the r's, "Rita and America—that's for me, boys."

"What's the matter with Rome?" I asked him. "Here you are in the most wonderful city in the world and you want to leave it. Why?"

"I tell you," Rico said. "The first thing that's wrong with Rome is that it's in Italy. In Italy,

there's too much rich and poor stuff. Not just because of the war, but always. Always it's that way. My father, he knows, he tells me. The rich people, they don't want the poor people to come up. They want the poor people to stay poor. Not like the States. Here, nobody cares if the poor kids don't go to school. The rich people, they rather have their cup of tea, trying to be like Englishmen, than give a poor kid something to eat. All over Rome and every other city in Italy there are kids with no place to live but out on the street. Do the rich people care? No. You go to the Bristol-Bernini New Year's Eve. Look at the rich people there. Fancy clothes from Paris and lots of champagne. What if a little kid came in and asked for something to eat: would they give it to him? No. They'd make the man at the door throw him out on the street again. They'd say, why doesn't he work? Even when he's only seven years old, why doesn't he work? Little kids don't work in the States, do they? Kids there aren't hungry all the time. So they don't steal so much. It's better when you have kids to be in the States."

I told him there was poverty in the States, plenty of it.

"Yes," he said, "but not like here. You know kids in the States with no mama, no papa, just sleep on the streets and eat what other poor people give them?"

"What else is wrong with Rome?" I asked him.

"Two more big things. First, the Pope is here. That means too many churches, not enough good time—like in Paris and the States. I'm Catholic like all Italians, but I don't like to live where the Pope is until I get to heaven. Second, everything is old stuff. Like the catacombs here. I'm sick of old stuff. I want new stuff. That's why I like the States. All new stuff. I'm new, so I want new stuff. The old man here, he's old stuff himself. For him, old stuff is good enough."

He told this in Italian to the old man, who thought it was a fine joke.

I asked Rico how he expected to get to the States.

"Don't worry," he said. "I'll get there. First, I save fifty thousand lire and while I'm saving I keep learning English, to get rid of the accent. Then I go to the captain of a freighter. Look, I say, here's fifty thousand lire. You take me with you. Let me work my way to the States. After I get there, you forget me. The first captain says no. So do twenty more. But one day a captain likes fifty thousand lire very much. He says yes. So I go to the States. When I get there, I make out. Don't worry, I make out. Since I'm a little kid eight years old, I learn many things. I'm not American high-school boy. I'm Hank. Take care of myself since I'm little kid. With Nazis, Fascists, Partisans, English, GI's, Brazil-

ians, even Frenchmen—always I know how to take care of myself.”

“Let’s see,” I said, “when the war started you were about six years old. What happened to you until now?”

So Rico told his story, and while he talked he brought out finger-marked snapshots from a thick wallet to show me what he looked like as he was growing up. Until the first snaps of him, neat and tidy in a GI uniform, taken by American soldiers, appeared, he looked like a ragged little character out of *Shoeshine*. Every picture taken since the Americans left shows a maturer, handsomer Rico, growing ever better dressed, looking ever more poised.

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“First I remember,” he said, “it is still Il Duce and my father is selling cameos at San Pietro, like now. Only then he don’t have so many kids as now. Those days I don’t remember so good. Too much happen since. But I remember I go to a good school. It is called Fra Angelico. Before I am ten, I quit a couple of times and then go back. But ten years old I quit for good. I know how to read and write. That’s enough, I think. Maybe not for you. For me, that’s enough.

“Then I remember that my father is arrested and is sent to jail by the Fascists. Mama cries all the time, and we are very poor. There’s not enough for all the kids, so I leave Rome. I get on a train that goes to Napoli. When the man comes for tickets, I hide in the toilet. And finally I get off at Napoli.

“I am only a little kid, and I am hungry and scared. So I go up to another kid my age. He is shining shoes in the station there. I tell him that I am hungry, and he says here’s polish and a brush, shine shoes like him. So I do that in the station. We get money to eat, that kid and I, and right away we’re friends. At night we sleep in a doorway together with other shoeshine boys. All this time I am getting to learn things. Especially how to take care of myself. And I’m mad about my father in jail, so I say I’m going to fight with the Partisans. I’m only a little kid, but I really believe I can fight with the Partisans. Finally, with my friend, I find the Partisans in the mountains. It takes many days, and all the time we’re learning new things. After we get there, the Partisans say run along, little babies, you’re no good for us. But first they give us something to eat.

“Then, after that, I come back to Rome. My mama cry, I remember, and is happy because I am not dead. For a little while I go back to school again. But we are always getting poorer and poorer, and even now there is a new baby. So I start to beg on the street. This is when I start to hate the Germans. They are in Rome then.

When I say please give me some bread, they say, go way, dirty kid. And sometimes they spit. Even when I get Italian women for them (I’m not a pimp no more—that was when I was a little kid), even then they don’t give me nothing.

“After the war when I am in Germany with my American major, I get even. Then I smoke Lucky Strike cigarettes and when the Germans ask me for butts, I say wait a minute. They wait, and then I stamp on the cigarette with my heel. Remember when you were in Rome—I say in German.”

There was a snapshot of little Rico standing by a plane with some swarthy aviators.

“This is when I’m first mascot with the Brazilian squadron. I come to their camp one day after I leave Rome again, and I say can I be your mascot. They say okay, kid, you clean the barracks and you can eat here. For a long time I stay with them. That’s when I learn Portuguese. Those Brazilians are good guys. Listen, here’s one of their songs.”

And he sang a sultry South American love song in Portuguese.

“But then after a while the Brazilians go away and they say I can’t go with them. Then an English squadron comes to the same place. They say I can be their mascot but I must say always No, sir, and Yes, sir, and Please, sir—even to privates. They’re a little like Germans, those English. But I stay with them, and I start to learn English. The English soldiers, they call me Henry.

“Finally an American squadron moves across the road. These guys I like better. So one day I ask them can I be their mascot. They say what’s the matter, Hank, don’t you like the Limies? I say, oh, just so-so. Okay, the American major says, come with us if you like to.

“The English major is mad when I tell him. Why you want to go with the Yanks? he says. Better guys, Major, I say. That’s a mean thing to say, I know, but I’m only a kid then. I don’t know better. All right, the British major says, get the hell out of here and don’t come back.

“So I stay with that squadron, the Americans. The major says he has a boy like me at home. That’s why he likes me. He takes me everywhere he goes. That’s how I go to France and Germany. . . . Here are my friends in that squadron.”

There were a dozen snaps of young Air Force soldiers, Rico usually posed solemnly at their sides.

“After the war, I come back to my family in Rome. Papa is back selling cameos at San Pietro now, and there are more babies. So I don’t live at home. I live with some other black-market boys in an apartment. I speak good English by this time, so they let me work on the black market even though I’m still a kid. But I make more

money being a guide. Like today."

The story took a long time. A priest appeared from somewhere and announced that the catacombs were open for pilgrims. It was almost two-thirty.

"I wait outside," Rico said. "I see them a hundred times already."

In the restaurant, later in the afternoon, Rico, who had talked so freely of his past, fell into the frankest kind of Walter Mitty day-dreaming about his future. It was then that it hit me hard that he was only sixteen.

"I see myself coming back from America after a couple of years. Just a visit, of course. I am rich and I have a big car. I walk into the house and give my father a big pile of money, American money. Here you are, Dad, I say, now you don't have to work no more."

"Then I go to the American Express. When the black-market boys come up to me, I put my nose up in the air and say, like a real American, Sorry, not enough. I look at them like I feel sorry for them. Too bad, I say, you're not American. Too bad. But everybody can't be American. Anyway, here's a Lucky Strike. Now don't bother me no more. I'm busy. I got to cash lots of money and then take airplane for New York. I have date with Rita at big night-club. . . . That's me. That's Hank, the American. You wait and see."

The next morning I was scheduled for a papal audience. Somehow Rico found out about it. As I left the papal palace and came into St. Peter's Square, there was Rico waiting for me.

"Good morning," he said. "Now you saw the Pope. What's left? Today I don't charge you anything. We're friends now. You want to have coffee with me, and then we go to the Vatican Museum together, huh? Two times a week I go there and study the statues so I can learn to be a real guide."

So we spent a few hours in the museum, with Rico carefully writing down every little scrap of information I could give him about the art there, which information, I must admit, didn't amount to much.

After we left there, we strolled back to St. Peter's Square.

"I'm going into San Pietro," I said. "Want to come along?"

"No," Rico said, "I can't. Only on Sunday. The Swiss Guard at the door won't let me in, especially if he sees me with you. He knows me and he knows I try to be guide for English-speaking people. But I have no permit to be guide. So he told me I can't come to San Pietro, only on Sunday for Mass. . . . I leave you now. But someday I see you in America."

The last I saw of Rico he was walking out of St. Peter's Square on his way to get the bus for the Piazza di Spagne. He waved to me as I entered the great church.

The Supreme Court on Separation of Church and State

J. M. O'NEILL

RECENT CHARGES about an "attack upon the character and purposes of the Supreme Court," in reference to criticism of its decision in the *McCollum* case, contain much that is irrelevant and much that is erroneous. Agnes Meyer's recent article in *The Atlantic Monthly* is a case in point. Her discussion of the history and meaning of secularism parallels that of Justice Frankfurter in his concurring opinion in this case, in being not only inaccurate and incomplete but also wholly irrelevant to the constitutional question which was before the Court. Likewise, her private theology and her strange notions of Catholic doctrine and attitude have no bearing on the meaning of the First Amendment. Her discussion of what state courts said in interpreting various state constitutions and state laws has obviously no relevancy to the meaning of the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

The statement that the leaders of Catholicism "invoked the First Amendment, as reflected in the state constitutions, to protect Catholic children from enforced participation in religious exercises repugnant to their own faith," is false in a number of respects. The First Amendment was designed to (and did) leave the total responsibility for legislation in respect to "an establishment of religion," however defined, exclusively in the hands of the states. It contained no doctrine whatever as to how the states should discharge their responsibility. Not a single state in the union used even its *state* constitutional prohibition of an establishment of religion to remove Protestantism from its privileged place as an integral part of the program of the public schools of America, or to prohibit state funds for religious schools. A number of the states had in their constitutions the exact language of the Congressional prohibition of laws respecting an establishment of religion in the First Amendment. But all adopted new specific provisions dealing with religion in the public schools and tax funds for religious schools. These provisions were the *result* of, not *cause* of, the clash over compulsory Protestant religion in the public schools, plus no public support for Catholic schools. As Professor Beale of the University of North Carolina puts it (in *Freedom of Teaching in American Schools*, page 98), "Like the Protestants they [the Catholics] wanted to teach religion to children, but again like the Protestants, they wanted to teach their own religion." Many of the state constitutional provisions, which this clash brought about, antedated the Fourteenth Amendment (1868), and *all* of them antedated by a wide margin the date (1925) of the discovery by the Supreme Court that *some of the freedoms* mentioned in the First Amendment could perhaps be

transferred to the states under the "liberty without due process of law" phrase which the Fourteenth Amendment had copied from the Fifth. That Catholics invoked the First Amendment in any way in the clashes of a century ago in regard to state schools (some seventy-five years before it had occurred to anyone that there was a possibility of applying any of the First Amendment to any state question) is both false and silly.

The problem before the Court in the McCollum case (released time for religious education in public schools in Illinois, 1948), as clearly presented in the briefs, and recognized by the Justices in their opinions, had two aspects: (1) What is the meaning of "an establishment of religion" in the First Amendment—in other words, what was the subject concerning which Congress was forbidden to "make a law"? and (2) Does the Fourteenth Amendment carry this clause to the individual states as a restriction on state power?

These questions were given the courtesy of one short sentence by Justice Black in the Court's opinion. After stating the position of the counsel for the respondents (with no attempt to answer in any way their many pages of accurately documented historical, legislative, and legal facts), the Court said: "After giving full consideration to the arguments presented we are unable to accept either of these contentions." In lieu of exposition or argument on the constitutional questions before the Court, the Justices discussed the *wisdom* of the Champaign plan of religious education, and repeated with approval their statements in the Everson case (public transportation for parochial school pupils, New Jersey, 1947). According to the Constitution, and to over 150 years of Congressional, Supreme Court, and State history, the *wisdom* of state laws and regulations governing *state* schools was the exclusive business of the people of the state acting through their educational organizations, their legislatures, and their courts.

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The McCollum decision is a revolutionary decision, proclaimed without explanation or argument, and denying to the people of Illinois the precise freedom which the first clause of the First Amendment was deliberately designed to preserve to them. That clause was written in answer to a number of petitions from various states asking that the Constitution make *explicit* (what Jefferson, Madison and Hamilton all agreed was *implicit* in the separation of powers in the original Constitution) that Congress could not give one religion legal preference over all other religions. Neither Madison nor Jefferson ever, anywhere, wrote a sentence which taken in its context gave any other meaning to the "establishment of religion" clause in the First Amendment.

In the Everson case Justice Black misquoted the First Amendment and said (outside of quotation marks, which made the fault *garbling* rather than misquotation) that both Jefferson and Madison wrote what neither of them wrote. Justice Rutledge in the Everson case mis-stated Madison's position in the *Memorial and Remonstrance*, and wrote simple fiction about Madison and the Bill of

Rights in the first Congress. The idea that Madison was there trying to do for the United States what Justice Rutledge (erroneously) thought he had done for Virginia is simple nonsense to anyone who will bother to read the *Annals* of the first Congress.

The defense of the modern propaganda slogan "the complete separation of church and state" in the Everson case, and therefore in the McCollum case, rests (so far as it rests on anything except that constant *bête noir* of Oliver Wendell Holmes—the private opinions of the Justices) on their historical, legal, and semantic errors in the Everson case. Space will not permit the sorry details here but anyone who knows American history, constitutional law, and the English language can find them in profusion in every opinion, *both* of the majority and the minority, in *both* the Everson and McCollum cases.

A brief but necessarily somewhat over-simplified summary of the errors in these two cases is that the Justices assumed: (1) that Jefferson's Bill for Religious Freedom, which became law under Madison's leadership in Virginia in 1786, enacted in Virginia a "complete separation of church and state" which made illegal in that state any aid of religion or religious education by public funds, or any "commingling of religion" with public education, and (2) that Madison and Jefferson "intended" the First Amendment to do the same things for the whole United States. The Justices' statements of these positions are mixtures of falsehood and foolishness which are well covered by the good old English word *twaddle*. Jefferson was a leading and alert citizen of Virginia for 40 years, and Madison was the same for 50 years after 1786. Yet so far as their records show, neither of them ever noticed that Virginia never interpreted the Religious Freedom law in the way that Justice Rutledge says was its purpose and effect. Virginia happens to be one of the 48 states in the union which has the largest number of cooperative contacts between public education and religious education. According to the National Education Association in a recent Research Bulletin, Virginia has 15 of 17 such listed contacts, each one of which uses public supported personnel and facilities. When the Justices were writing their edict interfering with the schools of Illinois, on the assumption that what they were judicially legislating for Illinois had been the law of Virginia for 162 years, just across the Potomac Virginia was *operating* the identical system which they were outlawing in Champaign!

To assume that what any statesman thought or said about a statute in Virginia (even if one got it straight) was necessarily what such a statesman would mean by *other language in the Constitution of the United States*, is given all the respect it deserves when it is characterized as completely absurd. When such an assumption is handed down from the Supreme Bench in the name of the principles of Thomas Jefferson, it is enough to make a literate American ashamed of the Supreme Court. One wonders if the Justices have ever read their Jefferson and are familiar with what he actually thought and wrote about the relations of the federal government to the several states, and about the danger to the freedom of the people from the

usurpations of the Supreme Court.

Mrs. Meyer's dismissal of tax exemption, and the payment of chaplains, as irrelevant or as "an exception to the rule to which most people do not object," is simply following the Justices, and others who do not like our Constitutional provisions, in approving the items she likes and declaring that the things she does not like are violations of the Constitution. She and the other propagandists also fail to mention the building of chapels and the compulsory attendance at worship in West Point and Annapolis. Are these exceptions that most people do not object to, or just more evidence of inadequate investigation? If what most people do not object to is to be taken as a valid rule, the Court and Mrs. Meyer are on the wrong side in the McCollum case. In Champaign over 800 children were, according to the record, doing what their parents wished them to do. One child only, who was characterized in the trial court as a maladjusted problem child by his mother and his teacher, objected to others doing what he did not want to do, was not required to do, and did not do. In her defense of this substitution of the wishes of one for the wishes of over 800, Mrs. Meyer invokes "the spirit of democracy"!

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Justice Black delivered the Court's opinion in the McCollum case. Two paragraphs give the gist of his position. Consider his words. He complains of the "use of tax-supported property for religious instructions." Such property is in no way distinguished from *tax-exempt property* in the Constitution. Is he saying that the latter is unconstitutional? If not, what does he mean—constitutionally speaking? He complains of "close cooperation between the school authorities and . . . religious education." Such close cooperation has been going on ever since the states had school authorities, and is going on today, in every state in the United States. Is he trying to say that all the laws in all the states that apply to religious schools and religion in the public schools are unconstitutional because they are laws "respecting an establishment of religion"? If not, what is he saying? He complains that "Pupils compelled by law to go to school for secular education are released in part . . . [to] attend the religious classes," and that it is unconstitutional thus for the "tax supported public school system to aid religious groups to spread their faith." All of this takes place in every one of our states under the compulsory school laws, all of which are applicable to private and religious schools as well as to public and secular schools. Is Justice Black trying to say that all schools in the United States are unconstitutional except the public schools? If not, what is he trying to say? Finally he writes about the "use of the State's compulsory public school machinery." Justices of the Supreme Court ought to know that we do not have compulsory public school machinery in any state in the United States. They should look up the Oregon School case. They will find it reported in 268 U.S. 510. In that case, in 1925 the unanimous Court said laws compelling attendance at *public* schools were unconstitutional.

Opposed to the decision of the Supreme Court in the McCollum case, both currently and throughout our history, are:

- (a) The members of the First Congress who wrote the First Amendment.
- (b) The members of *every* Congress from the first through the eightieth (the last one), as shown by laws passed, by declarations as to the meaning of the First Amendment, and by the treatment of proposed amendments expressing the doctrine of the McCollum decision. The various Congresses, as the representatives of the American people exercising a responsibility placed on them by the Constitution, have refused some twenty times (eleven between 1870-1888) to allow this doctrine a place in the Constitution. Therefore, says the Supreme Court, it becomes a great constitutional principle!
- (c) Every President of the United States from Washington to Truman, including Jefferson and Madison. Every President has used public funds to aid religion, and in many different ways. The United States used public money to support sectarian religious education among the Indians from 1789 to 1900—109 years after the First Amendment became binding on Congress. *American State Papers, Class II, Indian Affairs* record in detail, covering more than a century after the adoption of the First Amendment, the payment by Congress of tax funds to missionaries and mission boards to enable them to "spread their faith" among the Indians.
- (d) All of the great scholars in American constitutional law. Storey, Cooley, Warren, and Corwin are all in disagreement with the Court on the interpretation of the First Amendment. Apparently they are all so ignorant of "the history of secularism that they simply read the Constitution as it was written, as it was intended to be written, and as it was interpreted by all informed Americans for substantially a century and a half. A rather impressive company, I submit, and one not happily covered by Mrs. Meyer's epithets "fanatical clergy" and "medieval-minded groups."

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Mrs. Meyer's statement: "the Protestant clergy who take the Catholic position that the First Amendment does not imply the absolute separation of church and state, but merely forbids the preferential treatment of any one Church, have forgotten the history of secularism . . .," is a common element in the current attack on the First Amendment and the integrity of the Constitution. The attempt to spread the false idea that any defense of the almost universal American position for over a century is only a *Catholic attack* on the First Amendment is almost constant in the statements of *The Christian Century* and of Bishop Oxnam. If the unlettered can be made to believe that what is actually the historical, legal, constitutional position, is only the Catholic position, being ad-

vanced by "fanatical clergy," some support may be gained among the uninformed for the effort to get by Court edict what has been repeatedly defeated by the democratic process prescribed by the Constitution for changes in our fundamental law. This may help to circumvent the will of the American people. However, since the "Protestant clergy" referred to are numerous, distinguished and influential, and happen to have history, law, logic and semantics on their side, I doubt that this strategy will work. Forgetting the history of secularism—which is as irrelevant as the history of Protestantism, Catholicism, or Judaism—will do no great damage in this controversy so long as we remember the history of democracy, of constitutional government, and of the United States of America. I commend the reading of that history to Mrs. Meyer, to Bishop Oxnham and to the Justices of the Supreme Court.

Communications

THE OUTSTRETCHED FIST

Chicago 43, Illinois.

TO the Editors: Your recent page attacking the *Nation's* stand on Cardinal Mindszenty appeared to carry a double burden; anger toward a further injustice heaped upon the much suffering Cardinal, and a complete repudiation of the *Nation*. We agree with *THE COMMONWEAL* in its desire for an aroused and unified public opinion against the persecutors of the Cardinal. We believe also that *THE COMMONWEAL's* record in the most varied cases of persecution has given the editors a kind of public right that others do likewise. This kind of record is extremely rare in magazines of any kind.

But certain of our considerations of the *Nation* might be summed up. The *Nation* has traditionally criticized particular Catholic institutions and leaders, whether on ideological points or on political matters. This we would call criticism, and would distinguish it from the *Nation's* operation in the last twelve months which we would call incitement to hatred. The peculiar character of the Blanshard-through-Mindszenty process appears to have been an appeal to disgust and then hatred toward a quite concrete social institution in the twentieth century world. This kind of process is a social tool which at the best will spoil cooperation and at the worst will engender a pure reaction of disgust and hate.

Fortunately, this is not the whole story on the *Nation*. Apart from the current disequilibrium, the *Nation* has courageously stood for an academic and political position, a huge percentage of which has been supported by people in *THE COMMONWEAL* and ACTU and like groups. Further, it would appear safer to consider the *Nation's* position in terms of an intuitive or pragmatic unity rather than as a tight institutional unity of the Stalinist type, or as a tight ideological unity of the Trotskyite type. If Stalin and Trotsky and the *Nation* all could be called Marxian, perhaps greater care should be exercised with the term.

This leads to the question of the aim of the *THE COMMONWEAL* editorial. Is it an expression of anger

and a desire to weaken or destroy the reputation of the *Nation*? Is it simply a strong way of emphasizing the truth in the Mindszenty case? In the context of *THE COMMONWEAL*, it is surely not an effort to placate certain Catholics who are anti-liberals and who would like the scalp of the *Nation* on almost all counts. Is it, then, an effort to reform the *Nation*?

Granting that at least in part the latter aim is yours, here is a proposal. Be rhetorically exhausting, and each time you speak of the *Nation*, distinguish carefully between this American institution and its particular injustices in interpreting Catholicism, as an extreme theocracy which might frighten Boniface VIII and would obliterate the Father St. Ambrose as even barely orthodox, and in giving practically no information helpful in considering the ideas and actions of any American hierarchy. Ask Miss Kirchwey to read certain Catholic documents relevant to her charges, for example, Sturzo's *Church and State*, and to discuss her attitude in the face of such documents, the discussion to take place in the pages of *THE COMMONWEAL*. At least ask her. Perhaps she may discover that her present line has but one positive result, aid and comfort to the Action Francaise mentality. Is it this mentality that she is really against?

Eight Catholic Students at the University of Chicago

WM. BRYAR, JR.	JEAN HEFFERNAN
JOHN P. COLLINS	VIRGINIA RYAN
JULIE HOGAN	ROBERT MEYER
HAMILTON L. CLARK	DONALD R. GERTH

SOCIAL SECURITY

Sparta, Ill.

TO the Editors: From *THE COMMONWEAL* of January 22nd, "the unions may well be taken to task for insisting on double social security." *THE COMMONWEAL* evidently imagines there is a definite base on which so-called "social security" can be measured and known to be adequate.

Trouble is that all "social security" is a myth and therefore can be declared whatever any persuasive fellow would voice. Government can never be more than a means of, never a source of, our welfare—if economic conditions are becoming harder for the individual to deal with, that is not the fault of government and efforts of government to alleviate the individual's failure to grasp intricacies of modernization normally will but encourage such failure and lessen efficiency of government officials to serve us.

Because public service (unlike practically every other field of our endeavor) offers no fixed basis on which the public servant may defend his procedure against any discontent in results of the procedure, those whom we elect to governmental positions are peculiarly vulnerable today to unprincipled ambition.

The accurate bookkeeper may prove himself correct—no matter who may be poorer in the wake of his accounting; the faithful physician may testify successfully that he performed his full duty—though his patient dies; only the man in public office is without definite ground on which to meet those who, if not bribed in some way, are out to frame a governmental administration as cause of any disappointment anywhere. MARY ALLEN GRANT.

CATHOLIC INTERNATIONAL NEWS

China's Former Prime Minister Dies as a Benedictine Abbot

ONE of the founders of the Chinese Republic died in a Belgian monastery January 15, at a time when his native country was in the pangs of a grave crisis. He was the Right Reverend Pierre Celestin Lou Tseng-tsiang, O.S.B., Honorary Abbot of St. Peter's Abbey, at Ghent, and monk of St. Andrew's Abbey, at Lophem near Bruges. Father Lou, who died at the age of 77, was the first Foreign Minister of the Chinese Republic, in 1912, the second Prime Minister of the Republic, in 1913, and the head of the Chinese Delegation at the Peace Conference of Versailles, in 1919.

Lou Tseng-tsiang was born at Shanghai where his father was a Protestant catechist for the London Missionary Society. He entered the diplomatic service at the age of 22 as an interpreter at the Chinese Legation at St. Petersburg (now Leningrad). While in Europe, he married a Belgian girl from a distinguished Catholic family. Through her and through a number of European statesmen and scholars with whom he became acquainted, he learned more about the Catholic faith. He was received into the Church at St. Catherine's in St. Petersburg, early in 1912, shortly before his return to China. In explaining his conversion to a CIP staff member, who once visited him in his monastic cell, he said: "When I married my good wife, I promised that all our children would be educated in the Catholic religion. Unfortunately, God did not give us any children. I thought, therefore, that since I could not give any children to the Catholic Church, perhaps God wanted me to become a Catholic myself. So I began to study. . . ."

Madame Lou died in 1926. One year later, her husband entered St. Andrew's Benedictine Abbey in Belgium.

LOU TSENG-TSIANG'S retirement from the world did not mean at all that he ceased to take any vital interest in his native country's problems. He wrote many articles on Chinese affairs and carried on a tremendous correspondence with statesmen, scholars, and religious leaders.

The CIP staff member, at his first visit, asked Father Lou the rather blunt question: "What can you do for China now that you are so far away?" His immediate reply, given very quietly, was: "I pray for China." He often expressed the hope that he might be able to go back to China and to help in introducing the Benedictine Order in that country. Benedictine monasteries established all over China as centers of contemplative life and at the same time as centers of research and teaching would be able to play the same rôle which Buddhist monasteries played centuries ago, he often explained.

Since his early youth, Lou Tseng-tsiang was deeply convinced that China needed radical political and social reforms as well as a moral and spiritual regeneration.

At the Chinese Legation in St. Petersburg he worked under the direction of Shu King-shen, at that time one of China's most outstanding statesmen and reformers. Shu King-shen was beheaded on the market place at Peking, in 1900, at the Emperor's behest. After this shocking event, Lou thought of leaving public service, but the new Chinese Minister to Russia, Yan You, told him: "You will avenge your master by remaining worthy of him and by carrying out the program for which he has sacrificed his life."

LOU TSENG-TSIANG, who had been in touch with the revolutionary leader, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, since 1896, then began to cooperate even closer with him. The Chinese Revolution entered its decisive phase on December 31, 1911, when Lou Tseng-tsiang, as head of the Chinese Legation at St. Petersburg, sent a telegram to the Emperor, demanding his resignation. After the Emperor's abdication (February 12, 1912), the Provisional Parliament called on Lou Tseng-tsiang by an almost unanimous vote to become Minister of Foreign Affairs. He remained in charge of the Foreign Office, with a few short interruptions, from March 1912 to December 1920, under many successive Prime Ministers. When the first Cabinet of the Chinese Republic, headed by Tang Chao-I, resigned, Lou Tseng-tsiang became, rather against his will, the second Prime Minister of the Republic. He served only a few months in this position because the Cabinet which he headed was overthrown when Parliament disapproved of a treaty with Russia which he had negotiated. The treaty concerned Russian rights in Outer Mongolia. The Parliament expressed the view that Prime Minister Lou had made too great concessions to the Russian Foreign Minister, Sazonov; shortly after the Prime Minister's resignation, however, China was compelled to accept a much more unfavorable treaty with its western neighbor.

In January, 1915, Japan addressed to China the "Twenty-One Demands," an ultimatum backed by the threat of military aggression. Lou Tseng-tsiang accepted the thankless task of negotiating with the Japanese who apparently had a secret understanding with Great Britain, France, and Italy, their allies in World War I. He succeeded in eliminating the six most dangerous demands of the Japanese, but was compelled to yield on the others.

AT the Versailles Peace Conference, where Lou Tseng-tsiang was the head of the Chinese delegation and where Dr. Wellington Koo, now Chinese Ambassador in Washington, served under him, the obligations of the Allies to Japan made it impossible for China to obtain what it believed to be its legitimate rights. In spite of pressure from the other powers, Lou Tseng-tsiang refused to sign the Versailles Treaty. He was given a triumphant welcome by the Chinese people when he returned.

After leaving the Foreign Office, Lou Tseng-tsiang accepted an executive position in the Office of Famine Relief. Later, he served as China's Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Switzerland, and as China's Delegate to the League of Nations. (New York, 1/27—CIP.)

The Labor Movement

The Calvary Cemetery Strike

ON January 13 some 250 workers at Calvary Cemetery in New York City, members of Local 293, United Cemetery Workers, CIO, went on strike. As this is written (February 8) they are still on strike and there is no sign of a settlement.

Calvary Cemetery is operated by the trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral. The managing director is the Rt. Rev. Msgr. George C. Ehardt, who since the strike started has been appointed a co-chancellor of the New York archdiocese. The attorney for the trustees is Godfrey P. Schmidt, a prominent Catholic layman.

Most of the strikers are Catholics of Irish, Italian and Polish stock. Their president is Joseph Manning, a Catholic, and the union's attorney is John J. Sheehan, who has been prominent in the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, and the Catholic Labor Defense League.

In other words, this is a thoroughly Catholic strike, at least as far as its personnel is concerned. As such it is a matter of concern and alarm for all those who are interested in the state of the Church and its relations with labor. It might therefore be valuable to detail the history of the strike and some of its background.

The first contract between Local 293 and the management of Calvary Cemetery was signed in December, 1946. Since the union has represented the men, wages for gravediggers, the largest category, have increased from \$41.10 for a six-day, 45-hour week to \$59.40 for a six-day, 48-hour week. The average wage for all employees is now about \$54 a week.

The last contract, which expired on December 31, 1948, was one of the best in the cemetery field, which is to the credit of both the union and management. Among other things, it provided for a health and welfare plan and pensions paid for by the employer. Nevertheless, by the admission of both parties, relations between the two were unsatisfactory. The last contract, for example, took ten months to negotiate. The union complains that there were frequent grievances in the day-to-day operation of the cemetery.

On December 14 the union presented its demands for the new 1949 contract. They included requests for minor improvement in the pension plan, the health and welfare plan, the vacation provision, the sick leave provision, and, most important, for the adoption of the five-day, 40-hour week at the same pay presently received for six days and 48 hours. Time-and-a-half would be paid for work over 40 hours.

On January 4 Msgr. Ehardt sent a letter to Manning as president of the union in which all the union's demands were rejected and one counter-proposal presented. The latter is contained in the following quotation, which constitutes the last two paragraphs of Msgr. Ehardt's letter:

"It is the preachment of the Church to pay a living wage to a man for a decent day's work. These preachments the Trustees have always striven to put into practice and they are willing to do so now. Having the Bureau of Labor Statistics Index as a standard in the past, the Trustees are willing now again to consider an increase in salary based on this same Index. . . . If this Index furnished by the Department of Labor was fair in the past it is fair now and to consider an increase in salary on this basis is the only just way, not only for the gravediggers, who seem to be very solicitous about their own welfare, but for all our employees." (A cost of living increase would be 2.6%—JCC.)

"These are the final deliberations of the Board of Trustees and I would ask you to bring this to the attention of the members of the Union and would also ask that negotiations be resumed in the very near future with the idea of signing the contract under these terms and that the contract be signed by the end of the month, for we do not wish to have any retroactive salaries paid beyond this limit."

A meeting of the Calvary workers was called, at which Manning read this letter to them. The reaction was to vote overwhelmingly for a strike within 48 hours. However, two more meetings with management were held on January 6 to 10. Management's position remained the same and the strike started on January 13.

In a statement to the press Msgr. Ehardt gave this explanation for the refusal of the 40-hour week: "Most industries can, generally speaking, adopt a 40-hour week since the requirements of the general public can be adjusted to whatever plan industry agrees upon. In the case of the burial of the dead such adjustments cannot be made, for the dead must also be buried on Saturdays. As a matter of fact, experience shows that there are a greater number of burials on Saturdays than on any other day of the week (about 25% more than the average week-day—JCC) and besides these burials, preparation must be made for the burials that take place on Monday. No cemetery in the Metropolitan area operates on a five-day basis and management has agreed that it cannot be done."

In his letter of Jan. 4 to the union Msgr. Ehardt also indicated financial difficulty with the words: "the present income is not sufficient at times to meet with current obligations."

★

When the strike had run its course for eight days, on January 21 Msgr. Ehardt wrote a letter to every one of the strikers. This letter characterized the leadership of the union as "poor and unprincipled," said that "your leaders did not fairly represent you," complained that the strike vote was not by secret ballot (a legitimate complaint—JCC) referred to the fact that the management is not legally bound to recognize the union, and ended with an ultimatum to the strikers that unless they returned to work by 7:30 a.m., January 31, "we shall understand that you intend to sever your relationship with us." The letter ended with this line: "We are con-

vinced of the moral justice of our position and hope that you will understand your own obligations."

Despite full police protection, on the morning of January 31 not one striker returned to work. Although a threat was made to use "lay members of the Catholic Church" to bury the dead, no such attempt has been carried out. Eight superintendents have been placing coffins in a temporary trench and in receiving vaults. By agreement with the hearse-drivers' union the strikers have allowed hearses to cross their lines for this purpose. They also offered to work without pay to bury World War II veterans, but this offer has been rejected by management.

So there it is. Who is right and who is wrong? Are the strikers' demands reasonable or unreasonable? If the strikers' demands are reasonable, do they have a moral right to interfere with the burial of the dead in their pursuit of those demands?

For several reasons this writer cannot be considered an impartial observer. Nor is he a trained moral theologian. Both would be needed to weigh all the values involved here. Nevertheless, it is difficult to share Msgr. Ehardt's conviction of "the moral justice" of the trustees' position. And that simply on the basis of his own statements.

Msgr. Ehardt says that a cemetery cannot grant the 40-hour week because, unlike industry, "the requirements of the general public" cannot be adjusted to such a schedule. We will pass by the argument that, if necessary, the price of burial could be raised to cover the extra cost. We will pass by the possibility of the Church's counteracting such an increase by forcing a cut in the exorbitant rates charged by most undertakers. A perfectly simple solution presents itself to mind. Why couldn't the work week be staggered so that some men worked from Monday to Friday and others from Tuesday to Saturday? This possibility was never mentioned in negotiations, by either party.

Then there is the passage about "the only just way" being to consider wages on the basis of the Bureau of Labor Statistics Index, which measures the rise in the cost of living. Suppose a man were working for \$10 a week in 1939. According to Msgr. Ehardt's reasoning, he would be receiving a living wage if his employer had raised his pay every year to keep abreast of the BLS Index.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics, which is so highly regarded by the Calvary management, also puts out figures estimating the minimum wage sufficient to keep a man and his wife and children in frugal comfort. For last September (present prices are about 1½% lower) this wage in New York City was estimated as \$4,064 a year for a family of five, \$3,579 for a family of four, and \$3,035 for a family of three.

A gravedigger at Calvary makes an annual wage of \$3,090.80. Throw in \$250 for the health, welfare and pension provision. According to the BLS, this would make it possible for him to have one child in frugal comfort, and perhaps save a little money. It would not be enough for two children. The average Calvary wage is about \$2,808 (\$54 a week) or not enough for a family of three.

When John Sheehan, the union attorney, called attention to these figures, the answer of Godfrey P. Schmidt, management attorney, was that these figures of the BLS were, "subject to wide margins of error." Apparently the reliability of BLS figures is strictly a one-way street. He did not, however, present any other figures as a basis for determining what is a living, saving, family wage.

Here is another point. In his letter to the strikers Msgr. Ehardt wrote: "You approximate the average weekly pay of all factory workers in the United States, viz.: \$54.50 . . ." But he forgot to add several other pertinent facts. This \$54.50 is for a 40-hour week. In New York State the average industrial wage is \$59 plus change for a 40-hour week and close to one-third of the workers are women. Finally, the Church has never recognized the principle that what is done elsewhere, what is conventional, what is average, what is generally accepted, is therefore right.

It is true that the Calvary contract is one of the best in the cemetery field. The pension feature is unusual anywhere. Health and welfare plans are now less unusual and the most recent ones are superior to Calvary's. The holiday provision is good; the sick-leave and vacation provisions are fair.

The weakest link in management's position, however, is the simple fact that since January 10, before the strike began, they have refused to meet with the union to discuss the strike issues. Their present position seems to be therefore that they no longer recognize the union as bargaining agent for their employees.

At Calvary we now have a knockdown, drag-out fight which, in the eyes of our enemies, rightly or wrongly puts the Church in the role of strikebreaker and union-buster. This is not good. Of course, the Catholic strikers and union leaders are also of the Church, but this is not the kind of observation that appeals to our enemies, if it ever occurs to them. There is one thing all of us can do and that is to pray that peace and justice will soon reign again over the tombstones and the green grass of Calvary.

JOHN C. CORT.

The Stage & Screen

Forward the Heart

FOUR actors—comprising the entire cast of Bernard Reines's play—are doing an extraordinary job at the Forty-Eighth Street. In a sense, this statement will seem a backhanded compliment to the author, although I do not mean it as such. It is my opinion that Mr. Reines's piece is certainly the most important American effort of the season so far. Unfortunately, it is also my opinion that in its present state, the play should not yet have been produced. What we are watching on this stage is honestly a *draft* of a powerful drama, magnificently performed. I feel it's a sad shame that no one of the producers or middlemen concerned could have prevailed upon the author to write *out* some of his more glaring clichés and to write *in* a little language and a less

puzzling dénouement. He was surely capable of it.

To reach the play itself, Mr. Reines has developed a situation set in a household in a fashionable suburb of Boston today. The Father of this household, a liberal and enlightened educator, is dead; the Mother has continued his work in the school which he founded. As the curtain rises, her son, formerly a student of painting, has just arrived home. He is a veteran, blinded in the recent war. It appears dubious whether his mother's over-anxious solicitude, or even the affectionate understanding of his Doctor-Uncle, will be able to restore confidence and a modicum of happiness to this traumatized boy. It is only in the interest and vitality and sensitivity of the young Negro maid of the household that he is able to find any life-drive at all, and the emotional entanglements resulting from this circumstance make the play.

I think it is vastly to Mr. Reines's credit that he seems partially to have realized that he is dealing with the stuff of tragedy rather than melodrama. For there is nothing of melodrama embraced by his situation. A melodrama depicts an isolated singular event and there is, after all, nothing isolated nor singular about a blind war veteran of twenty-five years of age in our society today. His event is legion. And there is nothing isolated nor singular about a civilized, talented Negro girl. Her event is as legion. It is, of course, the pressures put upon these two believable characters, when they fall in love and wish to marry, which must move us to terror and pity, and possibly to motion. The author examines these pressures as well as he can: he probes the abysmal hypocrisy of the Mother; examines the fumbling good-will of the Doctor. However, in the meantime, he has wasted far too much of his stage-time over the young peoples' shocked confrontation of their problem with, as I have mentioned, the Girl forced to repeat every possible tangent cliché; the Boy forced to resort to nostalgia and sentimentality; and a good portion of melodramatics (singular, isolated events) thereby ensuing. The fact that at the end Mr. Reines is unable to resolve his piece—his final curtain is as dilemmatic as the worst of Maeterlinck, and as annoying—would seem to prove that he has not thought nor written hard enough. We never learn, for instance, the daily attitude of this "liberal," "enlightened" Mother to the Girl: there is never a passing scene between them. And further, the whole *mise en scène* has not the faintest resemblance to anytime Boston, and should certainly have been placed elsewhere.

The paradox will be (it's the ancient Theatre paradox, of course), that this provocative and missing script is built into a thrilling and quite wonderful performance. At no time does William Prince allow his Blindman to descend into a *tour de force*. I imagine Peter Frye's direction must have somewhat aided Mr. Prince in this, but the simplicity, the naturalness, the intelligence and the delicate emotional impact of the job could only be handled by a very good actor. And Mr. Prince is this. He is always moving, never startling. Mildred Joanne Smith matches his subtlety and honesty in her portrayal of the gentle Girl; and Harry Bannister and Natalie Shafer contribute as skillfully. As a company they are superb and deserve everyone's gratitude. (*At the Forty-Eighth Street.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

One If by Day

VIOLENCE comes into its own again in a series of current films some of which deserve a little more attention than they are getting in the notes below, but most of which are just action pot-boilers. Perhaps this listing will at least help you to decide in which movie you prefer to see your fisticuffs.

The Bribe: a pretentious piece in which the excitement is bigger than the theme. Robert Taylor plays an FBI man who goes to a South American island to investigate a war surplus racket. He finds that Ava Gardner and her husband, John Hodiak, are very much involved; and when he falls for Ava, Charles Laughton offers him big money to leave the crooks alone. Taylor battles with his conscience through many reels of flashbacks, violence and hot steamy weather that makes you perspire almost as much as the cast. Vincent Price is sufficiently oily to make you dislike him more than the others involved; but it is Laughton as the pie-shaped pay-off man who steals the show. Obviously designed for those who want thrills without having to think too much about motives.

Flaxy Martin: Lawyer Zachary Scott gets tired of fronting for gangsters, and learns the hard way that if you lie down with dogs you get up with fleas. Scott thinks that Virginia Mayo is the incentive for his sticking with the bad boys. Virginia proves that she's only interested in Virginia. Some good fast action built around a filmsy plot.

Criss Cross: Another of Burt Lancaster's exciting studies in criminology. This time Burt tries to go straight, but just can't leave his ex-wife, Yvonne De Carlo, alone—especially after she marries gangster Dan Durysa. Burt and Dan carefully plan an almost impossible hold-up of an armored money truck, which the "reformed" Burt is now driving. Burt somehow hopes to double-cross Dan who doublecrosses Yvonne who doublecrosses Burt. Violence runs amuck, but by the finale you don't care who slugs who.

They Live by Night: a first rate B thriller that shows again how a good director (Nicholas Ray in this case) can use cinema technique to win our attention. The poignant story, about a young convict (Farley Granger) who escapes from jail and falls in love with the niece (Cathy O'Donnell) of one of his buddies, is disturbingly moving. Perhaps your sympathies are aroused too keenly for these people who live outside the law, but the film succeeds in putting over the idea that even criminals are human and deserve understanding. The characterizations are excellent throughout; and the film's suspense is terrific.

He Walked by Night: another thriller in the current trend of semi-documentaries; very well played and done with a factual touch that makes it seem like the real thing. Richard Basehart gives a fine performance as the killer who is finally run-down by the Los Angeles police. While this movie deserves applause for its realism

in showing how hard the police work to get their man, it also merits a little slapping down for being equally realistic in its scenes of violence. One can stand only so much of brutality.

The Lucky Stiff: Dorothy Lamour, Brian Donlevy and Claire Trevor head the cast in this murder mystery that mixes gruesome shots of an undertaking parlor with slapstick humor. The corny and over-crowded plot won't appeal much to mystery fans who will see right through it. Perhaps the only surprising thing about this movie is that it was produced by Jack Benny who should stick to radio.

Westerns of course are a natural for themes of violence, and a well-directed camera can frequently make a good movie by just focusing on active actors before some exciting rugged scenery. What motivates all this activity is something else again.

Yellow Sky: William A. Wellman uses a good cast to portray violent passions in he-man settings. No doubt the West was pretty lawless in 1867, but Scriptwriter Lamar Trotti carries immorality just a bit beyond the bounds of good taste. Much of the effective toughness of the early scenes in this well-made picture is lost when the joke gets smutty. Gregory Peck, Richard Widmark, Robert Arthur, Henry Morgan and several others are excellent as the bank robbers who escape across the salt marshes only to land in a ghost town held by Anne Baxter and James Barton. Director Wellman knows how to make a good western. I wish he had had a script worthy of his talents.

Three Godfathers: John Ford, who is also a top-notch director, errs this time on the side of sentimentality as much as Wellman wanders from good taste. Ford uses handsome Technicolor and some stunning scenery well in telling this story of three bandits whose escape is stopped when they adopt a baby left in their path by a dying mother. After a good start, this story is wrung for every tear in it; but in spite of all the blubbering (which stems from the Peter B. Kyne novel) John Wayne, Pedro Armendariz and Harry Carey, Jr., provide some interesting characterizations. A strangely uneven movie.

Station West: differs from most westerns in that it has an intelligent plot and a cast (Dick Powell, Jane Greer, Agnes Moorehead, Burl Ives and others) who really try to act like people. The story gets a little involved, but if you're willing to think during the exciting rough stuff, you'll be entertained. I particularly liked the script's crack at Hollywood outlaws: "They all put on a mask and look like Black Bart."

Whispering Smith: has the more usual ingredients with a handsome hero (Alan Ladd) who loves the girl (Brenda Marshall) his best friend (Robert Preston) married. The friend, of course, is a very bad and very weak boy, and our soft-spoken but sure-fire hero finally has to shoot him down. But the scenery's nice.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books

God's Underground. Father George as told to Gretta Palmer. Appleton. \$3.

ACCORDING to the sensational story of this book, a communistic atheism is fought by a well-organized underground in the countries behind the Iron Curtain. Father George, a former physician from Croatia who became a professor of sociology and later a Catholic priest, tells this story with many fascinating and fiction-like details. The value of such a book is based on its authenticity. The reliability of Father George is attested to by Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, who has been acquainted with him for years. But, unfortunately, the story is not told in Father George's original words, but rewritten by Gretta Palmer, a well-known contributor to popular American magazines. I don't see the need for such a ghost writer, however talented. Father George, a successful university teacher and for some time also an editor, is a person whose story we would like to read without additions and embellishments, and especially without clichés. His Slavic background would have made his book sound more unconventional for American ears, but perhaps at the same time more attractive and in any case more perfectly trustworthy. Many details of this colorful book are so adventurous and anecdotic that the critical reader would like to have the certainty that the story is literally authentic, even in details.

Father George worked as an underground priest in Yugoslavia, in Slovakia, and among the Red Army in Hungary. He travelled extensively in the Soviet Union. He is evidently an unusually courageous man of manifold talents and knows well how to accommodate himself to different milieus. He tells of the never-ceasing persecution of religious life, not only of the Christian churches but also of faithful Moslems and Jews.

His picture of clandestine Christian life behind the Iron Curtain is the most optimistic I ever read. We hear not only of old people who are faithful to their Christian traditions, but of young Communists as well, who are unsatisfied with the materialistic philosophy and have an ardent desire for a deeper understanding of the world. Father George claims that while living in the headquarters of the Soviet Secret Police, he baptized seven of their members, heard their confessions and gave them their first communion. He narrates the conversion of many young people whose mothers and fathers were ardent icon-burning atheists. He reports of "travelling priests" who are visiting the villages which have no churches left and who administer the Sacraments to secret believers. He tells even of an underground orthodox monastery in which theological students were secretly trained.

Father George's report gives the strong impression that the Communist experiment in blasphemy has failed and that the countries behind the Iron Curtain are not lost to the Christian faith. It is true that, according to Soviet propaganda and indoctrination, nothing seems to have survived of the Christian centuries but a lust for sacrilege; but to Father George, that seems to be much more than nothing. "Where there is a passion, even of hatred, there is life from which Love may some day grow." And according to the facts told in his story, desire for religion

and heavenly love are sprouting in abundance in the heart of "godless Russia."

MAX FISCHER.

For Us The Living. Haakon Chevalier. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50

AFTER reading the 400 pages of this novel, compounded of murder, social struggles and love affairs, blended by some off-the-cuff philosophizing, I am not sure how far the author succeeded in his intentions, because I am not sure what his intentions were. It is not a novel of character, it contains far too many types to permit us to concentrate on any one of them. It is not strictly a labor novel. Although it is evocative of the struggles of liberalism in the 1920s and 1930s, its representations of them get snowed under by the confusion of events. Nor is it a mystery story. Though it centers around the twelve-year search for a murderer, it is too packed with circumstance, or "bulging with life and lives" as the blurb has it, to have the naked suspense of a detective story. And it does not succeed in containing all these elements within a strength of its own.

The author should be given credit for his serious purpose and for his energy. He has worked hard at the structure of his book, with all its interconnected happenings and its climaxes. He is also very much on the side of faith and freedom. But his idealism is not enough to give human dimension to fictional events; and it tends toward that humorless, excited brand which allows no reality to get in its way.

He permits his characters, whether they are on the right side or the left, to explain themselves, but only in such general terms as to leave out the all important problem of their own personalities.

There are too many years, too many people, too many events twined together in *For Us The Living*. It might be called a panoramic novel, but of itself variety is not enough to make a landscape.

JOHN HAY.

Death Be Not Proud. John Gunther. Harper. \$2.50.

EVERY SO often these days it seems that you have the good fortune to come upon a small picture, or a fragment of music, or a short book, that, in being briefly just what it says, causes you to see in it much more than you had expected. Some of the primly named paintings of the Swiss master, Paul Klee, have this effect. In the middle of a quietly rich and puzzling pattern of color, a bold black arrow will suddenly suggest vistas amid the vivid puzzlement. And in the tersely-titled music of the Hungarian composer, Bela Bartok, a melody, jumping out of the bewilderingly locked sounds, leaps from No over Maybe to land on Yes. This book by John Gunther can give you that kind of experience.

Formally, it is a memoir of Gunther's son Johnny, a boy who died in 1947, at the age of seventeen, after a long illness caused by a brain tumor. Actually, it is an inspiring account of the human spirit moving uncomplainingly, from the vast negative of disease over the stirring Perhaps of medicine to the deep affirmative of death.

John Gunther, Jr., the son of the famous author and war-correspondent, was an extraordinarily gifted child and boy. At the age of six he announced, "God is what's good in me"; at ten he had completed the rondo of a symphony; about the same time, taken by his parents on

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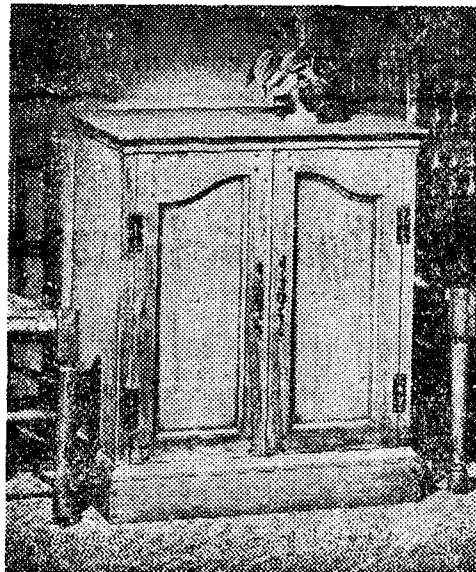
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a visit to Oyster Bay, he nutshelled his father's lengthy attempt to explain to him "which breed of Roosevelts we were visiting" by saying, "The gist of it is—are they Roosevelts who would be for or against the WPA?"; a year or two later, a baseball team captain and a chess champion, he registered the highest IQ ever recorded in the history of the school he was attending; and at sixteen he wrote a letter to Professor Einstein concerning the possible "relativity" of the number and curvature of the dimensions of the universe—and received a reply from the great scientist, indicating a desire to develop the subject further.

Dying of a malignant tumor of the brain that was successively "treated" by surgery, X-rays, mustard gas and the amazing Gerson diet, Johnnie Gunther was taught patience by The Book of Job (and by Fiorello La Guardia!) awareness by the Buddha, and a great deal about a great many other things by a particularly sensitive and brilliant mother, who was "trying to create of him . . . an aware person, without fear, and with love; a sound individual, adequate to life anywhere on earth, and loving life everywhere and always."

And when speaking of himself, just six months before he died, as "recontent with the universe, discontent with the world," Johnnie put down his "four-point" philosophy: "'Get yourself off your hands.' Happiness is in love. Accept disappointment. Relieve oneself by confession of sins." Then he added: "I am growing; up at last."

This little book is the brief story of a human being who lived a brief life. It is also, as indicated above, much more. The meaning of "much more" is for each reader to discover for himself. What he brings to the book will not help in the discovery. What he brings to the life he shares with others will.

(A publisher's note on the jacket states that "neither publisher nor author is deriving any profit from the sale of this book because of their donations to cancer research for children.")

MURRAY HICKEY LEY.

Popcorn On The Ginza. Lucy Herndon Crockett. Sloane. \$3.50.

MISS CROCKETT was in Japan during the first few years of our Allied Occupation as a Red Cross worker. The title of the book derives from the fact that the American Post Exchange on the main street of Tokyo—the Ginza—sells tons of bags of hot popcorn to the Americans.

Many of the recent books on Japan have either been a mess of newspaper clippings pasted together and re-typed, or else the bitter reporting of party-liners and fellow-travellers trying to smear General MacArthur. One would expect something light and frothy from a Red Cross gal, but believe me here is a book worth reading, for the little lady has penetrated to many of the basic problems of the Occupation. She has done a fine job of reporting, has illustrated the book with a few dozen wonderful sketches, and in her own way has put the finger on many of our accomplishments, and many of our failures.

She is a bit suspicious of the parties in honor of the American "guests" and yet is appreciative of the love of the typical little Japanese for the American conqueror, a love real and dynamic. She gives some good pictures of Occupational personnel at work, including the Amer-

ican wives wrestling with the "servant problem" which in Japan is one of too many servants trying to do too much.

The reviewer disagrees however with the statement that "The Nipponese seldom laugh." This is a gross if unintentional libel of the Japanese people, who are possibly always laughing a good part of the day. The upper class do not laugh so much, but for the simple peasant and little people laughter is easy and long. While rightly recognizing the many democratic reforms effected by General MacArthur, the author comes on the questioning theme: "My impression when I left Japan was that democracy was adjusted to the Japanese about as well as Cinderella's glass slipper . . . it isn't a comfortable—or a natural fit."

Of all the books about Occupied Japan, *this* is the one I would buy. It's fair, it's balanced, and it's intensely human!

RICHARD L-G. DEVERALL.

Their Country's Pride. Sisters Pascal and Bede. Bruce. \$3.75.

ANTHOLOGIES are curious things. They are a sort of literary stew in which each man can find his particular kind of food, but in small portions. And that is usually the shortcomings of anthologies; they whet the appetite but do not attempt to satisfy it. *Their Country's Pride* is no exception. Anthologies do serve as guidebooks though, and this rural life collection points out many valuable sources of farm and country reading and study.

COMMONWEAL readers will be pleased to see reprinted here Dom Virgil Michael's essay on reconstruction in which, in passing, he makes a case for bio-dynamic farming. Jesse Stuart's magnificent story, "Landgrabbing and Uncle Mel" was completely fresh to me and a sheer delight. For the decentralists there is the old triumvirate of Father Vincent, Chesterton and Belloc. It does seem strange that in a book edited by two nuns there is no mention of the liturgy. The liturgy is one of the strong points, on the supernatural level at least, in the argument of the "forward to the landers." They maintain with considerable vision and practicality that life on the land can be integrated with the liturgy, that we can best approximate the liturgical life in rural surroundings.

While this book is not professedly for Catholics, it is significant that, in drawing from English and American writers, the editors had to rely in great measure on non-Catholic writers. However, as Msgr. Ligutti has constantly been saying, the Church has always drawn great strength from the backbone of the Mystical Body, the peasantry. Can it be that, since in England and here in America we have no Catholic peasantry, we have no Catholic writers reflecting the spirit of the soil and the truths of the "natural" life? The greatest literature of any nation has in large reflected these things.

There doesn't seem to be any social tone in this collection either. The hell of life on the land in those field-factories that are the modern commercial farms is not shown. There is no Steinbeck or Carey McWilliams. Surely there is enough of the joy-and-peace school, those who look complacently at our present system of farming, without assembling them again in an anthology. What we need is a rural life viewpoint too, a viewpoint which will look to a more integrated life than we now have. *Their Country's Pride* might be a pleasant thing

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to have around the steamheated city apartment to fill in an odd moment or two, but it is not a dangerous book. I don't believe that it will cause anyone to leave the miseries of the city for the joys of the country. And one personal complaint—the editors have given us eighty odd authors (some of them giving repeat performances) in 487 pages and somehow have seen fit to skip Cobbett.

This is the first attempt at a rural life anthology of any kind and it ranges all the way from Theocritus to Father Rawe, from China to Kansas. Maybe now that this one attempt has been made others will follow. A good collection on distributism would make a point. At least there would be unity in it.

JACK ENGLISH.

The Empire and the Glory: Napoleon Bonaparte 1800-1806. Fletcher Pratt. Sloane. \$3.75.

FLETCHER PRATT is a military analyst of distinction; hence it is not surprising that his descriptions of Napoleon's battles should be the best thing in his book. The great battles of Marengo, Hohenlinden, Ulm, Austerlitz and Jena are all described with the lucidity and verve one has learned to expect of Mr. Pratt. Interwoven into the narrative of the years 1800 to 1806 are snatches of social and political background; to the reader not adequately acquainted with Napoleonic history these will not prove very satisfactory. On the other hand, the interpolations at the end of the chapters, consisting of eye-witness accounts of happenings of the time and of comments thereon serve not only a useful function, but in many cases are entertaining besides. They give flavor to the whole.

This is a readable book. It has been Mr. Pratt's plan to select from the material at hand "as the novelist does," to make a story "that has a beginning point and works to a recognizable termination." He has not, however, fallen into the pitfalls of fictionized history, and his documentation appears to be all it should be. To be sure, occasionally he allows himself to speculate on what generals and statesmen were thinking, a pardonable fault, since it in no way invalidates the narrative as a whole.

The portrait of Napoleon himself, which he builds up with painstaking effort, is excellent, and happily, too, he does not indulge in speculation on the Emperor's sex life, a fault so flagrant in Emil Ludwig's sentimental version. He does, however, dwell on Napoleon's relations with his family, which too often hung like a millstone round his neck. Napoleon had strong family feeling, and he indulged members of his family even when they least deserved it. He seems to have been thoroughly aware that he had no friends, the customary penalty paid by dictators. "Friendship is only a word," said Bonaparte to Laplace the scientist. "I love nobody; no, not even my brothers. Perhaps Joseph a little; but even there it is a matter of habit; it is because he is the elder. I know perfectly I have no real friends, but as long as I remain what I am I shall have as many as I need, as far as appearances go." These words, no doubt, apply with equal force to Hitler and Stalin.

Mr. Pratt seems to think that Napoleon in these early days of his power had decent ideas of reforming Europe, and the implication is that as the time went on the increasing power he wielded had the usual result that sustained power has. And the historian is not particularly friendly to the hostile liberals of the time who sabotaged

the good as well as the bad. Madame de Stael, in particular, does not come off very well.

"Detective Story" is the title of an absorbing chapter, which vividly describe Fouche's rôle as the head of the police; its atmosphere is one of conspiracy and intrigue.

On the whole, the historian has tried to create a balanced pattern, but the inter-relation of the parts is not always as successful as it might be.

JOHN CURNOS.

Sir and Brother. Harry Lee. Appleton. \$3.00.

AFTER fumbling with a few awkward flashbacks and fill-ins, Harry Lee spins out a smooth narrative of what happened to one labor leader when three crises faced him. Mark Shearer, widower, vice-president of a factory workers' union, faces a Communist plot to oust him. He also finds himself infatuated with a huckster's too easy-going wife in a rather ordinary affair which both Shearer and the author vainly try to romanticize. The third crisis develops in the big strike led by Shearer.

The Back Street liaison is, of course, used by Shearer's enemies. As Shearer himself remarks of labor leaders, "We're all good family men preferably."

His attempts to convert a mistress into a wife and so recover his former reassuring status of a "good family man" spell tragedy. To worsen the problem, the woman belongs to quite another world, one in which the unionist's struggle has to be explained and is never completely understood.

The union atmosphere, the pre-convention jockeying for votes, the counter-espionage and maneuvers which defeat the Communist conspiracy, the strike parleys with management, are all authentically done—the author has had experience as a CIO publicity man. He establishes background with a nice economy of words.

NORMAN C. MCKENNA.

An Artist's Notebook. Sister Mary of the Compassion, O.P. The Sower Press. \$1.50.

A BEAUTIFULLY produced, fifty-page booklet, furnishing a wise and "practical" approach to the intelligibility and purpose of art—"made for artists and for those who are interested in art because they are 'seeking to make all things one in Christ.'" The author is, as well as a religious in a contemplative convent, a successful, modern painter, Constance Mary Rowe.

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